TOMB OF DRACULA
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THE TOMB OF DRACULA
HEAR ME, QUINCY HARKER!
IF YOU WISH TO SEE YOUR DAUGHTER ALIVE AGAIN, THEN FOLLOW ME TO--
--THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMS!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™

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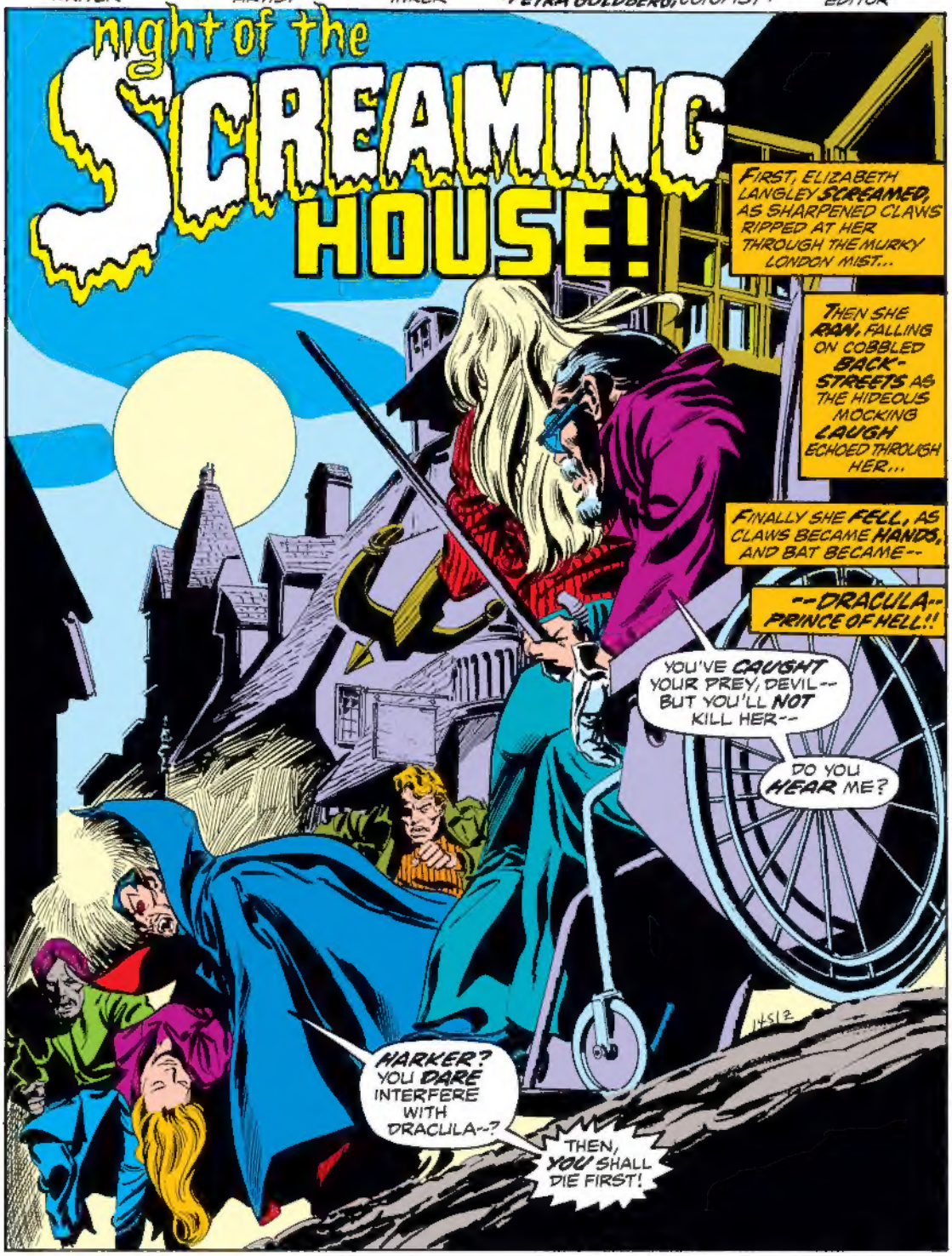

night of the SCREAMING HOUSE!
FIRST, ELIZABETH LANGLEY SCREAMED, AS SHARPENED CLAWS RIPPED AT HER THROUGH THE MURKY LONDON MIST...
THEN SHE RAN, FALLING ON COBBLED BACK-STREETS AS THE HIDEOUS MOCKING LAUGH ECHOED THROUGH HER...
FINALLY SHE FELL, AS CLAWS BECAME HANDS, AND BAT BECAME--
--DRACULA-- PRINCE OF HELL!!
YOU'VE CAUGHT YOUR PREY, DEVIL-- BUT YOU'LL NOT KILL HER--
DO YOU HEAR ME?
HARKER? YOU DARE INTERFERE WITH DRACULA--?
THEN, YOU SHALL DIE FIRST!

FOR ELIZABETH LANGLEY THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER AS SHE RUNS SCREAMING FROM THIS MAD ALLEYWAY. FOR IN TIME, IF SHE IS LUCKY, SHE WILL FORGET WHAT HAPPENED HERE...
THAT MAY BE YOUR WISH, DRACULA-- BUT IT'S ONE YOU'LL NEVER REALIZE...
THWANG
RACHEL VAN HELSING? SO, YOU ARE HERE-- GOOD-- VERY GOOD!
...BUT FOR THE OTHERS, THIS IS A NIGHTMARE WHICH NEVER ENDS...

NOW I MAY BEGIN THE TASK AT HAND--!
ONCE I'VE LET THAT FOOLISH SHAFT OF YOURS FLY HARMLESSLY THROUGH ME.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I SHOWN YOU, WOMAN-- THIS WEAPON IS MEANINGLESS TO ONE WHO CAN BECOME AS THE MIST ITSELF?
BUT, SINCE YOU SEEM TOO THICK TO LEARN, I'LL TAKE IT FROM YOU.

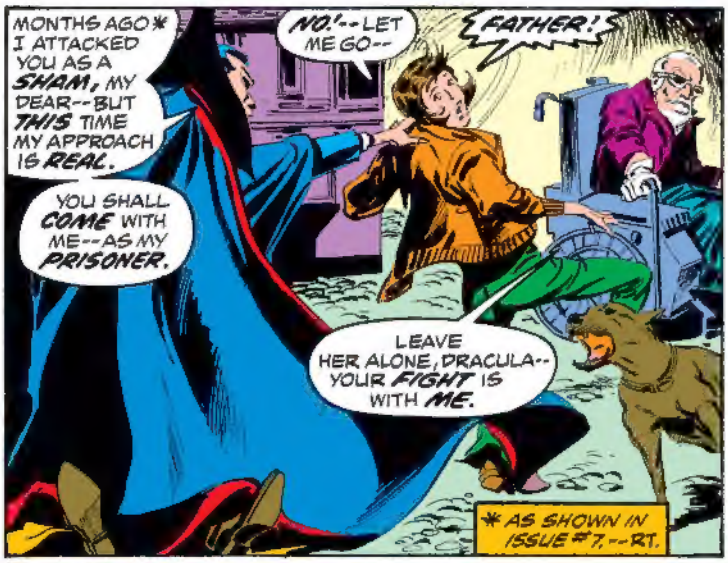
WHAT--?
AH, YOUR SILENT OAF FIGHTS TO PROTECT YOU, VAN HELSING-- BUT IT SHALL DO NO GOOD!

FOR ALL HIS VAUNTED STRENGTH, HE CANNOT DEFEAT DRACULA--
--WHO CAN ALTER HIMSELF INTO THE MIDNIGHT SCAVENGER--
--AND FLY-- FLY!!
TAJ-- LET GO!!

YET TAJ HOLDS EVER TIGHTER AS THE BAT CLIMBS HIGHER INTO THE FOG-SHROUDED NIGHT.
FRANK--?
TAJ, YOU INDIAN FOOL-- DROP!

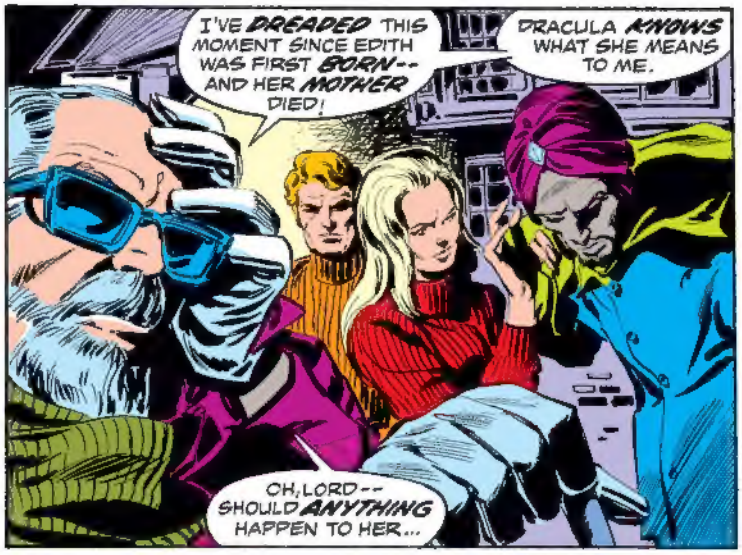
BUT THE SILENT GUARDIAN DOES NOT DROP-- RATHER, IT IS THE LORD OF EVIL WHO FALLS BENEATH TAJ'S WEIGHT...
...FALLS AND SHIFTS ITS LEATHERY BODY ONCE AGAIN.

THUS, WHEN IT LANDS, IT IS NO LONGER A RAVEN-WINGED DEMON--
--BUT DRACULA!!
GOOD-- THE FOOL CUSHIONS MY FALL--
NOW, BEFORE HE REVIVES-- MY PLAN!


MONTHS AGO* I ATTACKED YOU AS A SHAM, MY DEAR--BUT THIS TIME MY APPROACH IS REAL.
YOU SHALL COME WITH ME--AS MY PRISONER.
NO!--LET ME GO--
FATHER!
LEAVE HER ALONE, DRACULA-- YOUR FIGHT IS WITH ME.
* AS SHOWN IN ISSUE #7. --RT.

MY 'FIGHT' IS WITH ALL HUMANITY, OLD FRIEND-- AND THAT INCLUDES YOUR BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DAUGHTER.
LISTEN TO ME, OR SHE DIES NOW--!

THAT'S IT, ANCESTOR MINE--
--I'VE TAKEN AS MANY OF YOUR STINKING ULTIMATUM'S AS I'M GOING TO.
WRONG, DRAKE, YOU'LL TAKE WHAT IS GIVEN YOU--
UNHNHHHH-HHHHHH
--AND NEVER-- NEVER REMIND ME WHO YOU ARE, MY BLOOD BOILS WITH RAGE TO THINK YOU ARE RELATED TO ME!
NOW THEN, HARKER-- LISTEN WELL...
TOMOR-ROW, AT MIDNIGHT, YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME-- TELLING WHERE YOU SHALL FIND YOUR DAUGHTER.
GO THERE AT ONCE, OR YOU'LL NOT SEE HER AGAIN.
WE'LL BE THERE, FIEND-- BUT SHOULD ANY HARM COME TO EDITH--
THREATS ILL-BECOME YOU, OLD FRIEND-- JUST DO AS YOU ARE TOLD!
FAREWELL, MY WOULD-BE-SLAYERS-- UNTIL THE MOON RISES ONCE MORE-- HA! HA! HA! HA!
BLAST! THERE MUST BE SOME-THING WE CAN DO.
I'M WITH YOU, HONEY-- BUT WHAT--WHAT?
BUT HE'LL NOT WIN THE WAR, MR. DRAKE-- THAT I SWEAR.
THAT LOUSY BLOODSUCKER'S WON THIS ROUND.

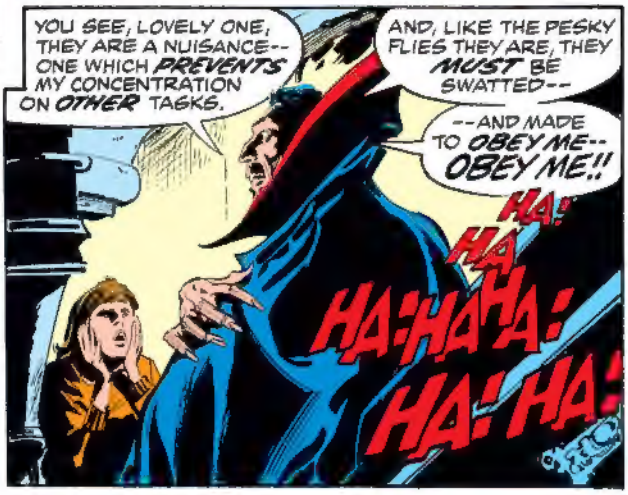

I'VE DREADED THIS MOMENT SINCE EDITH WAS FIRST BORN-- AND HER MOTHER DIED!
DRACULA KNOWS WHAT SHE MEANS TO ME.
OH, LORD-- SHOULD ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HER...

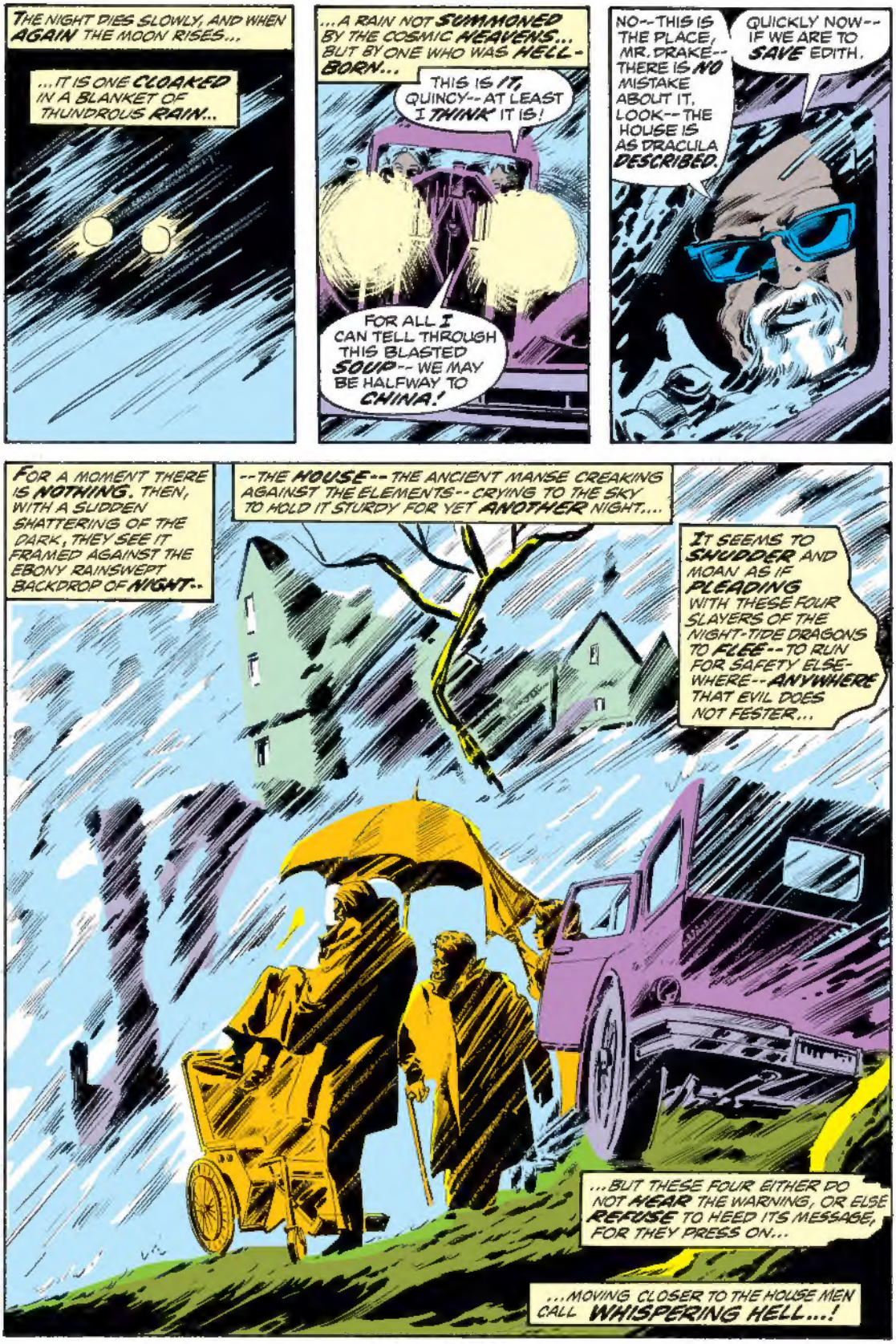
NOTHING WILL, QUINCY. WE'VE JUST GOT TO HOPE WE FIND THE COUNT BEFORE HE TRIES ANYTHING.
AND WE WILL, QUINCY-- WE'VE GOT TO BELIEVE WE WILL.

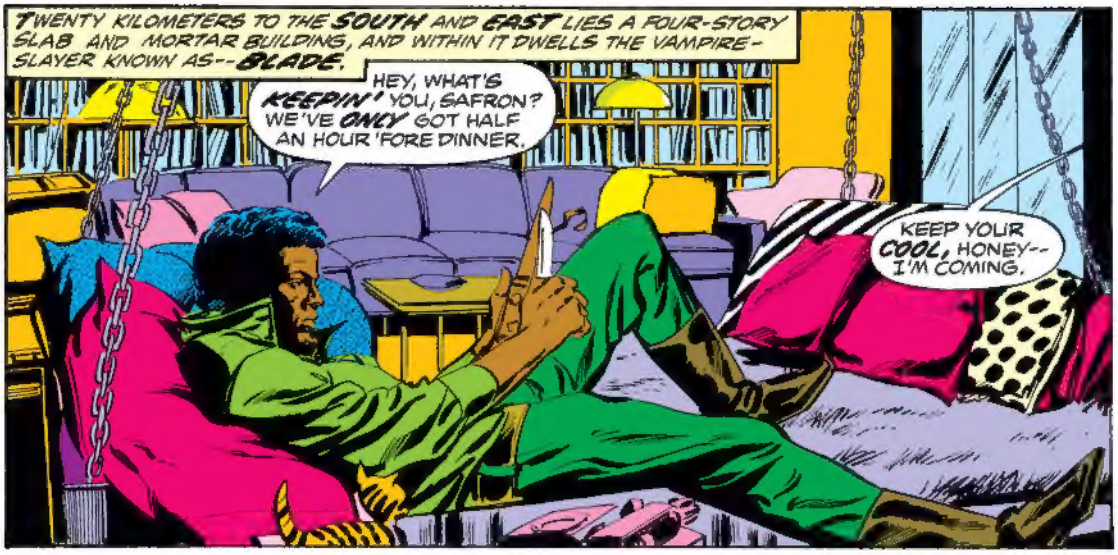
ELSEWHERE, THE SKY BEGINS TO SPLINTER AS GOLDEN SHARDS OF LIGHTNING BREAK THROUGH THE DARKLING NIGHT...
...A NIGHT WHICH HUGS THE HIDDEN HILLTOP SANCTUM OF DRACULA...
WE ARE HERE, LOVELY ONE-- THE JOURNEY IS DONE.

WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE? PLEASE, TELL ME WHY!
YOU WERE BROUGHT AS A CURE FOR THE OTHERS-- AND THEN, MY DEAR, TO EVENTUALLY DIE, YOURSELF.
TO DIE AS ALL WHO SEEK ME MUST DIE-- AS VICTIMS OF THE VAMPIRE.

I'VE BEEN HOUNDED, CHASED AND HUNTED TOO LONG BY YOUR FATHER AND HIS HAPLESS BAND--AND I SEEK TO END OUR CONFLICT FOR ALL TIME.


YOU SEE, LOVELY ONE, THEY ARE A NUISANCE-- ONE WHICH PREVENTS MY CONCENTRATION ON OTHER TASKS.
AND, LIKE THE PESKY FLIES THEY ARE, THEY MUST BE SWATTED--
--AND MADE TO OBEY ME-- OBEY ME!!
HA! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!


THE NIGHT DIES SLOWLY, AND WHEN AGAIN THE MOON RISES...
...IT IS ONE CLOAKED IN A BLANKET OF THUNDROUS RAIN...
...A RAIN NOT SUMMONED BY THE COSMIC HEAVENS... BUT BY ONE WHO WAS HELL-BORN...
THIS IS IT, QUINCY--AT LEAST I THINK IT IS!
FOR ALL I CAN TELL THROUGH THIS BLASTED SOUP--WE MAY BE HALFWAY TO CHINA!
NO--THIS IS THE PLACE, MR. DRAKE--THERE IS NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT. LOOK--THE HOUSE IS AS DRACULA DESCRIBED.
QUICKLY NOW--IF WE ARE TO SAVE EDITH.
FOR A MOMENT THERE IS NOTHING. THEN, WITH A SUDDEN SHATTERING OF THE DARK, THEY SEE IT FRAMED AGAINST THE EBONY RAINSWEPT BACKDROP OF NIGHT..
--THE HOUSE--THE ANCIENT MANSE CREAKING AGAINST THE ELEMENTS--CRYING TO THE SKY TO HOLD IT STURDY FOR YET ANOTHER NIGHT....
IT SEEMS TO SHUDDER AND MOAN AS IF PLEADING WITH THESE FOUR SLAYERS OF THE NIGHT-TIDE DRAGONS TO FLEE--TO RUN FOR SAFETY ELSEWHERE--ANYWHERE THAT EVIL DOES NOT FESTER...
...BUT THESE FOUR EITHER DO NOT HEAR THE WARNING, OR ELSE REFUSE TO HEED ITS MESSAGE, FOR THEY PRESS ON...
...MOVING CLOSER TO THE HOUSE MEN CALL WHISPERING HELL...!


TWENTY KILOMETERS TO THE SOUTH AND EAST LIES A FOUR-STORY SLAB AND MORTAR BUILDING, AND WITHIN IT DWELLS THE VAMPIRE-SLAYER KNOWN AS--BLADE.
HEY, WHAT'S KEEPIN' YOU, SAFRON? WE'VE ONLY GOT HALF AN HOUR 'FORE DINNER.
KEEP YOUR COOL, HONEY-- I'M COMING.

AFTER ALL, I WAS GETTIN' DRESSED UP ALL FOR YOU, BLADE.
LIKE?

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME, HALF AN HOUR'S GONNA BE PLENTY OF TIME.

MMMMMM... YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT...

RING RING

NO, BLADE-- DON'T...

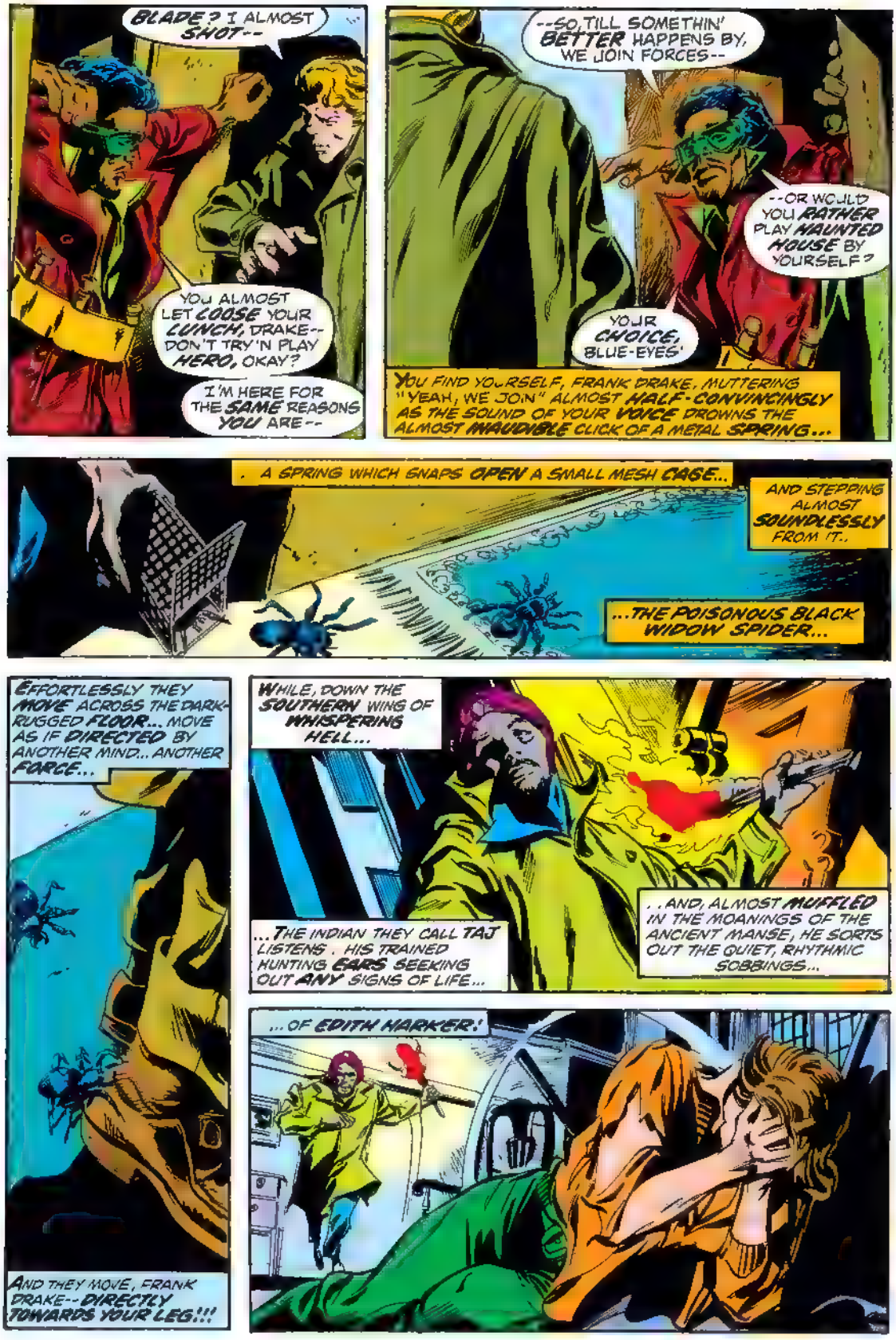
HAVE TO, SAF-- I'M EXPECTIN' A--
BLADE HERE! WHO'S SPE--

SILENCE, FOOL--AND LISTEN. IF YOU WISH TO FIND ME, FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS.
GO ON, FANGS--I'M LISTENING.
BLADE? WHERE THE BLAZES YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'--?
LOOK, SAF--I DON'T LIKE THIS ANY MORE'N YOU--
--BUT I GOTTA BE GOIN'--NOW!
BLAST YOU, BLADE--BLAST YOU!
THUCK!
SLAM!
CLOSER THEY RUN TO WHISPERING HELL... AND THROUGH THE BREAKING OF THE SKY, THEY HEAR THE MANSION'S TERRIFIED MOANINGS...
...AND, FOR JUST ONE HEARTBEAT, THEY FREEZE BEFORE MOVING ON...
NICE PLACE--LIKE THE BOTTOM OF A SWAMP!
FIGURES DRAC WOULD PICK A PLACE LIKE THIS TO HANG HIS SHINGLES.
ENOUGH, MR. DRAKE--THERE IS NOTHING HERE TO JOKE ABOUT.
SORRY, QUINCY--IT'S JUST THIS REJECT FROM A KARLOFF MOVIE IS GETTING TO ME--
--THAT, AND WAITING FOR DRACULA TO MAKE HIS--
"MOVE!" FRANK DRAKE?
THE LIGHTS--CAN'T SEE--CAN'T SEE!
COVER YOUR EYES--BEFORE THE LIGHT BURNS THEM OUT.
WELCOME TO WHISPERING HELL, MY FRIENDS--THE TIME IS ALMOST NIGH FOR THE GAMES TO BEGIN...
...GAMES WHICH SHALL SURELY LEAD TO YOUR DEATHS! HA! HA! HA! HA!

GAMES BETTER PLAYED IN DARKNESS, PERHAPS?
HA! HA! HA! AS FOR THE RULES, MY FRIENDS-- YOU'LL LEARN THEM AS YOU PLAY ALONG.
WE'RE NOT HERE TO PLAY GAMES, DRACULA. WHERE IS EDITH?
WHERE ARE YOUR EYES, OLD FRIEND?-- LOOK--
ABOVE YOU-- ON THE BALCONY--!
NOW, ALL YOU MUST DO IS CLAIM HER! HA! HA! HA!
EDITH!?!
EDITH-- IT'S US-- RACHEL AND FRANK--
SHE DOESN'T HEAR US-- DRACULA HAS HER HYPNO-TIZED! C'MON--
UHH HHHH... MY FOOT!
BLASTED FLOORBOARD'S HALF EATEN THROUGH!
FRANK-- LOOK!
THEN HE HEARS IT-- THE HEAVY DRONE OF LEATHERY WINGS BEATING IN THE STALE STAGNANT AIR... THE SHRILL-THIN HISS OF HUNGRY LIPS...
...THIRSTY LIPS OF A VAMPIRE BAT...
NO! MY FACE-- THEY'RE CLAWING MY FACE!
RACHEL!
BUT THE BATS CONTINUE TO PICK-- TO CLAW-- TO SHRED THE ONCE-LOVELY UNSCARRED FACE OF RACHEL VAN HELSING...
...TILL THE FLAMING TORCH HELD BY TAJ SENDS THEM SCATTERING INTO THE DARKNESS...

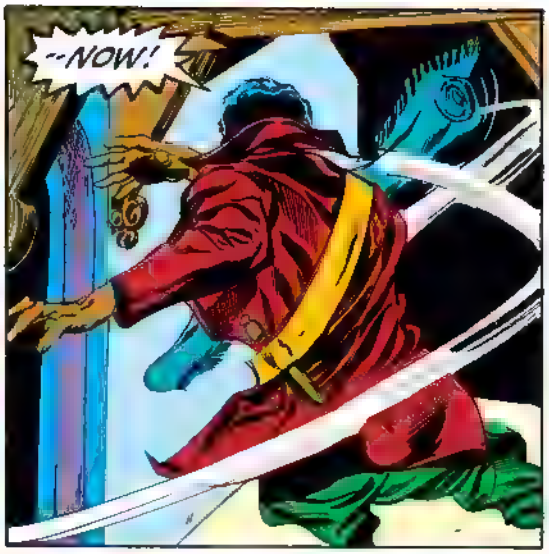
TAJ, RESCUED FIVE YEARS BEFORE BY THIS VERY SAME GIRL--
TAJ, WHO WOULD LEAP INTO CERTAIN DEATH FOR THIS WOMAN NAMED VAN HELSING--!
PERHAPS SOME WOULD CLAIM HIS DEVOTION IS TRULY LOVE FOR THE BLOND VAMPIRE HUNTRESS. . AND THEY WOULD BE RIGHT.
...BUT IT IS NOT THE LOVE THAT LOVERS' HOLD-- RATHER IT IS THE LOVE ONE FEELS FOR THE TRUEST OF FRIENDS... THE MOST LOYAL OF COMRADES...
BLAST--MY NET ONLY HOLDS A FEW OF THOSE BEASTS--
IS THERE NO WAY TO STOP THEM?
ALMOST AS IF IN ANSWER TO QUINCY HARKER'S QUESTION, THE BATS ABRUPTLY HALT--AND THEN FLEE THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW AND OUT INTO THE STORM-FILLED NIGHT...
WHILE..
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO EDITH, FIEND-- BUT IF YOU'VE HARMED HER IN ANY WAY, I'LL--
YOUR OVERLY MELODRAMATIC THREATS INTERESTS ME NOT, FRANK DRAKE-- BUT MY GAME HAS YET TO BEGIN--
--AND SO, FOR THE MOMENT THE GIRL, MUST NOT BE YOURS.
BUT KNOW THIS, YOUNG FOOL-- WHEN YOU NEXT SEE HER-- YOU SHALL ALSO THEN SEE THE FACE OF--DEATH!
HA!
HA!
HA!

RACHEL--YOUR FACE!
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, FRANK-- BUT FIND EDITH-- HURRY!
SUDDENLY I'M VERY AFRAID FOR HER
I WANT YOU TO STAY BEHIND WITH QUINCY, HONEY--
TAJ AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF DRACULA.
C'MON, YOU BIG LUG-- WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
OKAY, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
BINGO! EDITH'S HANKERCHIEF!
TELL ME, OLD BUDDY-- WHY IS IT I HAVE THE FEELING DRAC'S LEADING US RIGHT INTO A TRAP..
--AND WE'RE JUST LETTING OURSELVES FALL BLINDLY INTO IT?
SO WE SPLIT UP HERE, FRIEND-- AT LEAST ONE OF US SHOULD COME OUT OF THIS ALIVE!
THE TWO HUNTERS PART-- TAJ HEADING FOR THE SOUTH CORRIDORS, FRANK DRAKE EXPLORING THE NORTH...
C'MON, DRAKE-- YOUR TEETH ARE CHATTERIN' LIKE A SCHOOL GIRL'S BRACES-- SHAPE UP!
THE GUY YOU'RE AFTER'S NO GOD-- HE CAN BE STOPPED-- HE CAN BE KILLED.
YEAH!
HUNH? LAUGHTER?
HA HA HEH HA
O-OKAY, DRACULA-- WHEREVER YOU ARE-- COME ON OUT-- OR I'M C-COMING IN.
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, MAN--
WHAT?!?
--I COULD HEAR YOUR KNEES KNOCKIN' ALL THE WAY BACK TO LONDON!

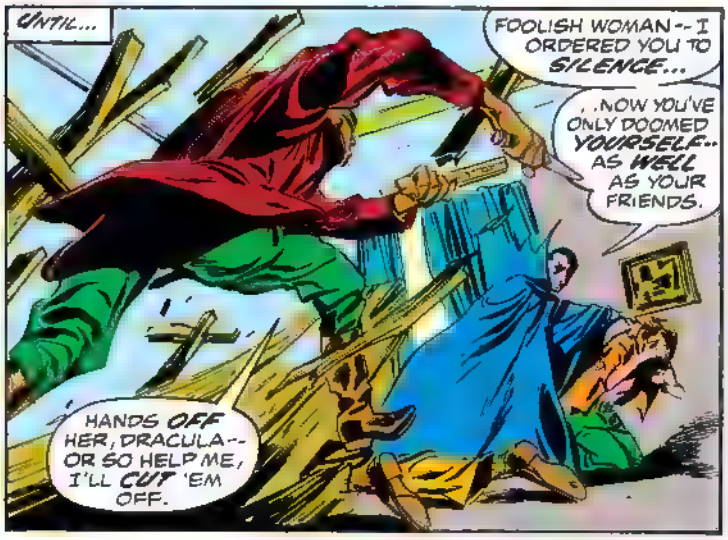

BLADE? I ALMOST SHOT--
YOU ALMOST LET LOOSE YOUR LUNCH, DRAKE-- DON'T TRY 'N PLAY HERO, OKAY?
I'M HERE FOR THE SAME REASONS YOU ARE--
--SO, TILL SOMETHIN' BETTER HAPPENS BY, WE JOIN FORCES--
--OR WOULD YOU RATHER PLAY HAUNTED HOUSE BY YOURSELF?
YOUR CHOICE, BLUE-EYES'
YOU FIND YOURSELF, FRANK DRAKE, MUTTERING "YEAH, WE JOIN" ALMOST HALF-CONVINCINGLY AS THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE DROWNS THE ALMOST INAUDIBLE CLICK OF A METAL SPRING...
. A SPRING WHICH SNAPS OPEN A SMALL MESH CAGE...
AND STEPPING ALMOST SOUNDLESSLY FROM IT..
...THE POISONOUS BLACK WIDOW SPIDER...
EFFORTLESSLY THEY MOVE ACROSS THE DARK-RUGGED FLOOR... MOVE AS IF DIRECTED BY ANOTHER MIND... ANOTHER FORCE...
AND THEY MOVE, FRANK DRAKE-- DIRECTLY TOWARDS YOUR LEG!!!
WHILE, DOWN THE SOUTHERN WING OF WHISPERING HELL...
...THE INDIAN THEY CALL TAJ LISTENS . HIS TRAINED HUNTING EARS SEEKING OUT ANY SIGNS OF LIFE...
. . AND, ALMOST MUFFLED IN THE MOANINGS OF THE ANCIENT MANSE, HE SORTS OUT THE QUIET, RHYTHMIC SOBBINGS...
... OF EDITH HARKER!

MORON--YOU THOUGHT YOUR SILENT STEPPINGS COULD TAKE ME UNAWARES?
YOU THOUGHT TO FOOL DRACULA-- WHO CAN SENSE THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE MOST INSIGNIFICANT OF INSECTS-- THE FLUTTER OF THE MOST FRAGILE OF FLOWERS?
NO QUIET ONE-- TO DRACULA NO SOUNDS REMAIN UNHEARD-- NO SIGNS OF TREACHERY REMAIN UNOBSERVED!
HE'S DOWNED, MY LOVELY, AND HE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO SAVE YOU. NO ONE CAN, NOW--NO ONE!!
WHILE...
DRAKE! DON'T MOVE!
WHAT--? IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF--
DO AS I SAY, DRAKE, OR YOU'LL WIND UP DEADER 'N DRACULA'S EVER BEEN. DIG?
HIT THAT WALL AND PLAY STONE, MAN. DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE
OHHHHHHH...

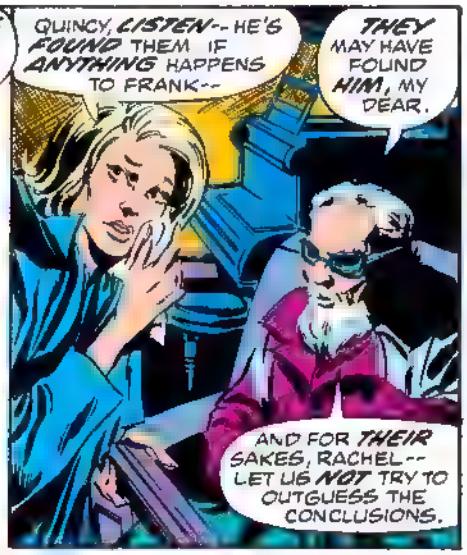
SLOW, DRAKE-- LIFT YOUR FOOT--
RIGHT-- NOW--


--NOW!

THEN.
EEEEEAAA
EDITH!?!
FROM THE OTHER WING--
QUICKLY THE TWO RACE PAST COB-WEBBED WALLS AND CREAKING FLOORS--


UNTIL...
FOOLISH WOMAN-- I ORDERED YOU TO SILENCE...
...NOW YOU'VE ONLY DOOMED YOURSELF... AS WELL AS YOUR FRIENDS.
HANDS OFF HER, DRACULA-- OR SO HELP ME, I'LL CUT 'EM OFF.

IDIOT! THE THREATS OF MORTALS MEAN NOTHING TO ONE IMMORTAL...
I HOLD YOUR LIVES IN MY HANDS-- LIVES I CAN CRUSH 'TWEEN MY FINGERS WITH EASE...
LIVES I SHALL END BEFORE THIS WICKED NIGHT IS DONE!


QUINCY, LISTEN-- HE'S FOUND THEM IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO FRANK--
THEY MAY HAVE FOUND HIM, MY DEAR.
AND FOR THEIR SAKES, RACHEL-- LET US NOT TRY TO OUTGUESS THE CONCLUSIONS.

YOU HAVE KILLED TOO MANY OF MY LEGIONS, BLADE--YOU HAVE HOUNDED THEM, CHASED THEM, SLAUGHTERED THEM--WHEN ALL THEY SOUGHT WAS TO SPREAD MY RULE TO HUMANS...
IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT AS THEIR LORD AND MASTER--IT IS MY HAND WHICH SLAYS YOU.
. WHICH ENDS YOUR WRETCHED EXISTENCE FOR ALL TIME.
NO WAY, FANGS--I'M GONNA GET YOU, EVEN IF IT MEANS..
--YOUR DEATH, BLADE--? THEN IT CERTAINLY SHALL MEAN THAT.
FOR AS YOU APPLY YOUR GREATEST PRESSURE--I RESHAPE--ALTER MY FORM TO THAT OF THE MISTS ITSELF.
...AND THEN, YOU KNIFE-TOSSING FOOL--YOU GO SPRAWLING TO YOUR DEATH.

MAN, YOU KEEP BLOWIN' IT, DON'TCHA, SMILEY?
GUESS YOU DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A HANDY CHANDELIER DOWN HERE TO GRAB HOLD ON.

BUT, ABOVE...

GET BACK, DRACULA-- ONE STEP CLOSER AND I SWEAR I'LL USE THIS.
USE IT THEN, FOOL--

--BUT IT WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT!
I, WHO HAVE WITHSTOOD THE TIDE OF FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, SHALL CONTINUE TO EXIST TILL TIME ITSELF RUNS DRY...

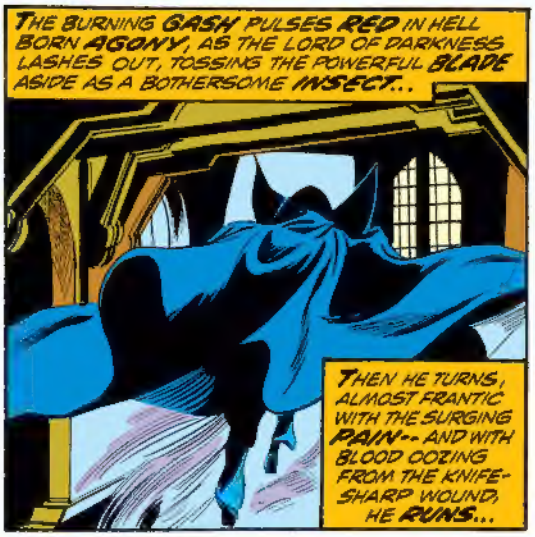
...WHILE YOU, MY WEAK-KNEED DESCENDANT-- YOUR TIME HAS ENDED...
...NOW!

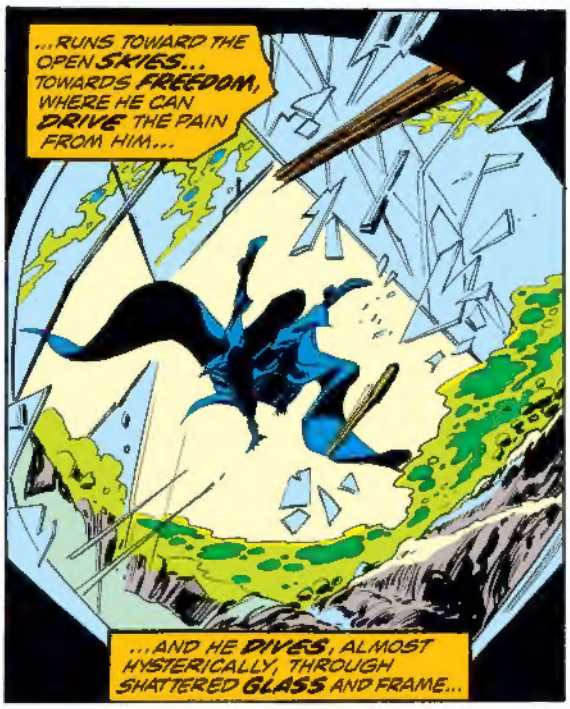
HEY, FANGS, REMEMBER ME--? I HATE BEING FORGOTTEN.
BLADE?
RIGHT YOU ARE, COUNT-- YOU WIN THE BOOBIE PRIZE...

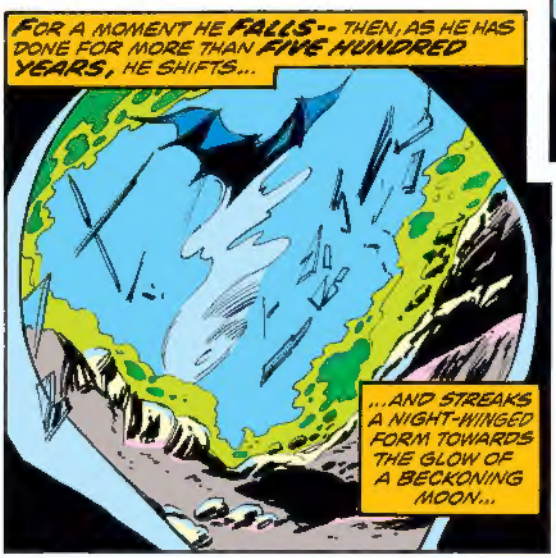
...A FOOT TO WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR DAMNED FACE!

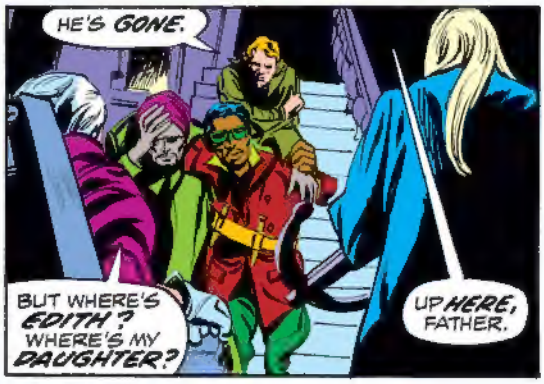
--AND A KNIFE, CARVED FROM EBONY WOOD, FANGS--LIKE A STAKE!

DIG IT, FANGS--'CAUSE LIKE A STAKE--IT CAN KILL YOU--KILL YOU!
MY FACE! MY FACE!
ARGHHHH


THE BURNING GASH PULSES RED IN HELL BORN AGONY, AS THE LORD OF DARKNESS LASHES OUT, TOSSING THE POWERFUL BLADE ASIDE AS A BOTHERSOME INSECT...
THEN HE TURNS, ALMOST FRANTIC WITH THE SURGING PAIN-- AND WITH BLOOD OOZING FROM THE KNIFE-SHARP WOUND, HE RUNS...


...RUNS TOWARD THE OPEN SKIES... TOWARDS FREEDOM, WHERE HE CAN DRIVE THE PAIN FROM HIM...
...AND HE DIVES, ALMOST HYSTERICALLY, THROUGH SHATTERED GLASS AND FRAME...


FOR A MOMENT HE FALLS-- THEN, AS HE HAS DONE FOR MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, HE SHIFTS...
...AND STREAKS A NIGHT-WINGED FORM TOWARDS THE GLOW OF A BECKONING MOON...


HE'S GONE.
BUT WHERE'S EDITH? WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?
UP HERE, FATHER.

EDITH! THANK THE LORD YOU'RE SAFE.
COME HERE-- PLEASE-- QUICKLY!
NO--GO AWAY, FATHER--LEAVE ME HERE, I BEG YOU.
NO NEED TO WORRY, DAUGHTER--THE FIEND IS GONE --FRANK AND TAJ DROVE HIM OFF.
FATHER--DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? HE'S STILL HERE--THOUGH HE CAN'T BE SEEN OR FELT.
FATHER, LOOK AT ME--LOOK AT WHAT HE'S DONE.
I'M A VAMPIRE-- AND I'M THIRSTING, FATHER--OH, GOD-- IT'S HORRIBLE.
PLEASE LEAVE ME--PLEASE, BEFORE I CAN NO LONGER CONTROL MYSELF.
NO, EDITH--NOT YOU.' LORD, NOT YOU.
TELL ME IT ISN'T TRUE, DAUGHTER.
EACH MOMENT I THIRST MORE--EACH MOMENT MY CONTROL SLIPS FROM ME.
I CAN'T TAKE THE RISK--I MUSTN'T DARE!
IF YOU WON'T LEAVE, FATHER--THEN I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE.
YOU MUST STOP ME--YOU MUST--BEFORE I KILL!
YOU MUST! YOU MUST!

THE BODY FALLS, AND NEVER CHANGES... NEVER LIFTS ITSELF FROM ITS LONG, DEADLY LEAP...
...AND IT LANDS VERY, VERY HARD.
NO, EDITH... NO!
THUD!
FIRST MY DEAR SONYA, MY LOVING WIFE--NOW EDITH... NOW EDITH!
SHE'S NOT DEAD, QUINCY. IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO?
THERE IS... NOTHING.
NOTHING BUT THE PRESCRIBED METHODS.
EDITH--I DO THIS FOR YOU-- THAT THE CURSE OF THE DAMNED NEED NEVER BE YOURS.
FAREWELL...
RUN FROM US, DRACULA-- FLY AWAY--HIDE IN WHATEVER DAMNED HOLE YOU FIND--
--BUT THIS I SWEAR, DRACULA-- THIS I SWEAR--
--WE'LL TRACK YOU DOWN, DRACULA-- WE'LL HUNT YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH...
...AND WHEN WE FIND YOU-- WHEN WE FIND YOU--
--I... WILL... KILL YOU!
NEXT: DEATH OF A VAMPIRE!